

you to day a squire of low degree. I pray you fall too, if you can mocke a Lecke, you can eate a Lecke.

*Gowr.* Enough Captaine, you have astonishd him.

*Flu.* I say, I will make him eate some part of my lecke, or I will peate his pate foure dayes: bite I pray you, it is good for your greene wound, and your ploodie Coxcombe.

*Pist.* Must I bite.

*Flu.* Yes certainly, and out of doubt and out of question too, and ambiguities.

*Pist.* By this Lecke, I will most horribly reuenge I eate and eate I sweare.

*Flu.* Eate I pray you, will you haue some more sauce to your Lecke: there is not enough Lecke to sweare by.

*Pist.* Quiet thy Cudgell, thou dost see I eate.

*Flu.* Much good do you scald knaue, heartily. Nay, pray you throw none away, the skinne is good for your broken Coxcombe; when you take occasions to see Leekes heereafter, I pray you mocke at 'em, that is all.

*Pist.* Good.

*Flu.* I, Leekes is good: hold you, there is a groat to heale your pate.

*Pist.* Mea groat?

*Flu.* Yes verily, and in truth you shall take it, or I haue another Lecke in my pocket, which you shall eate.

*Pist.* I take thy groat in earnest of reuenge.

*Flu.* If I owe you any thing, I will pay you in Cudgels, you shall be a Woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels: God buy you, and keepe you, & heale your pate.

*Exit*

*Pist.* All hell shall stirre for this.

*Gowr.* Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly Knaue, will you mocke at an ancient Tradition began vpon an honourable respect, and worne as a memorable Trophée of predeceased valor, and dare not auouch in your deeds any of your words. I haue seene you gleeking & galling at this Gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speake English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English Cudgell: you finde it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction, teach you a good English condition, fare ye well.

*Exit*

*Pist.* Doeth fortune play the huswife with me now? Newes haue I that my Doll is dead i'th Spittle of a malady of France, and there my rendezvous is quite cut off: Old I do waxe, and from my wearie limbes honour is Cudgeld. Well, Baud Ile turne, and something leane to Cut-purse of quickhand: To England will I steale, and there Ile steale.

And patches will I get vnto these cudgeld scarres, And swore I got them in the Gallia warres.

*Exit.*

*Enter at one doore, King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Warwick, and other Lords. At another, Quene Isabel, the King, the Duke of Bourgogne, and other French.*

*King.* Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met; Vnto our brother France, and to our Sister Health and faire time of day: Ioy and good wishes To our most faire and Princely Cousine Katherine: And as a branch and member of this Royalty, By whom this great assembly is contri'd, We do salute you Duke of Burgoyne, And Princes French and Peeres health to you all.

*Fra.* Right ioyous are we to behold your face, Most worthy brother England, fairely met, So are you Princes (English) every one.

*Quee.* So happy be the Issue brother Ireland Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting, As we are now glad to behold your eyes, Your eyes which hitherto haue borne In them against the French that met them in their bent, The fatall Balls of murdering Basiliskes: The venome of such Lookes we fairly hope Haue lost their qualitie, and that this day Shall change all griefes and quarrels into loue.

*Eng.* To cry Amen to that, thus we appeare.

*Quee.* You English Princes all, I doe salute you.

*Burg.* My durie to you both, on equall loue.

Great Kings of France and England: that I haue laboured With all my wits, my paines, and strong endeuours, To bring your most Imperiall Maiesties Vnto this Barre, and Royall interview;

Your Mightinesse on both parts best can witness.

Since then my Office hath so farre preuayld, That Face to Face, and Royall Eye to Eye, You haue congreected: let it not disgrace me, If I demand before this Royall view,

What Rub, or what Impediment there is, Why that the naked, poore, and mangled Peace,

Deare Nourse of Arts, Plenties, and ioyfull Births, Should not in this best Garden of the World,

Our fertile France, put vp her louely Visage? Alas, shee hath from France too long been chas'd, And all her Husbandry doth lye on heapes,

Corrupting in it owne fertillie.

Her Vine, the merry chearer of the heart, Vnpruned, dyes: her Hedges euen pleach'd,

Like Prisoners wildly ouer-growne with hayre, Put forth disorder'd Twigs: her fallow Leas,

The Darnell, Hemlock, and ranke Fennel, Doth root vpon; while that the Culter rufus,

That should deracinate such Saugery: The euen Meade, that erst brought sweetly forth

The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and greene Clouer, Wanting the Sythe, withall vncorrected, ranke;

Conceiues by idlenesse, and nothing teemes, But hatefull Docks, rough Thistles, Keksyes, Buttes,

Loosing both beautie and vtilitie; And all our Vineyards, Fallowes, Meades, and Hedges,

Defectiue in their natures, grow to wildnesse. Euen so our Houses, and our selues, and Children,

Haue lost, or doe not learne, for want of time, The Sciences that should become our Countrey;

But grow like Sauages, as Souldiers will, That nothing doe, but meditate on Blood,

To Swearing, and sterne Lookes, defus'd Attire, And euery thing that seemes vnnaturall.

Which to reduce into our former fauour, You are assembled: and my speech entreats,

That I may know the Let, why gentle Peace Should not expell these inconueniencies,

And blesse vs with her former qualities.

*Eng.* If Duke of Burgoyne, you would the Peace, Whole want giues growth to th'imperfections

Which you haue cited; you must buy that Peace With full accord to all our iust demands,

Whose Tenures and particular effects You haue enshedul'd briefly in your hands.

*Burg.* The King hath heard them: to the which, as yet, There is no Answer made.

*Eng.* Well then: the Peace which you before so vrg'd, Lyes in his Answer.

*France.*

*France.* I haue but with a curfellarie eye

O're-glanc't the Articles: Pleaseth your Grace

To appoint some of your Councell presently

To sit with vs once more, with better heed

To re-suruey them; we will suddenly

Pass our accept and peremptorie Answer.

*England.* Brother we shall. Goe Vnckle Exeter,

And Brother Clarence, and you Brother Gloucester,

Warwick, and Huntington, goe with the King,

And take with you free power, to ratifie,

Augment, or alter, as your Wisdomes best

Shall see aduantageable for our Dignitie,

Any thing in or out of our Demands,

And wee'll configne thereto. Will you, faire Sister,

Goe with the Princes, or stay here with vs?

*Quee.* Our gracious Brother, I will goe with them:

Happily a Womans Voyce may doe some good,

When Articles too nicely vrg'd, be stood on.

*England.* Yet leaue our Cousin Katherine here with vs,

She is our capitall Demand, compris'd

Within the fore-ranke of our Articles.

*Quee.* She hath good leaue. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Manet King and Katherine.*

*King.* Faire Katherine, and most faire,

Will you vouchsafe to teach a Souldier tearmes,

Such as will enter at a Ladyes eare,

And pleade his Loue-suit to her gentle heart.

*Kath.* Your Maiestic shall mock at me, I cannot speake

your England.

*King.* O faire Katherine, if you will loue me soundly

with your French heart, I will be glad to heare you con-

fesse it brokenly with your English Tongue. Doe you

like me, Kate?

*Kath.* Pardonne moy, I cannot tell wat is like me.

*King.* An Angell is like you Kate, and you are like an

Angell.

*Kath.* Que dit il que Je suis semblable a les Anges?

*Lady.* Ouy verayment (sans vostre Grace) ainsi dit il.

*King.* I said so, deare Katherine, and I must not blush

to asseme it.

*Kath.* O bon Dieu, les langues des hommes sont pleines de

tempereries.

*King.* What sayes she, faire one? that the tongues of

men are full of deceits?

*Lady.* Ouy, dat de tongues of de mans is be full of de-

ceits: dat is de Princeesse.

*King.* The Princeesse is the better English-woman:

Yfaith Kate, my wooing is fit for thy vnderstanding, I am

glad thou canst speake no better English, for if thou

could'st, thou would'st finde me such a plaine King, that

thou would'st thinke, I had sold my Farme to buy my

Crowne. I know no wayes to mince it in loue, but di-

rectly to say, I loue you; then if you vrge me farther,

then to say, Doe you in faith? I weare out my suite: Giue

me your answer, yfaith doe, and so clap hands, and a bar-

gaine: how say you, Lady?

*Kath.* Sans vostre honneur, me vnderstand well.

*King.* Marry, if you would put me to Verses, or to

Dance for your sake, Kate, why you vndid me: for the one

I haue neither words nor measure; and for the other, I

haue no strength in measure, yet a reasonable measure in

strength. If I could winne a Lady as Leape-fragge, or by

vawting into my Saddle, with my Armour on my backe;

vnder the correction of bragging be it spoken, I should

quickly leape into a Wife: Or if I might buffet for my

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